within my doores, Marry hang you, ſhee's borne to vndo vs, wil you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my diſh of chaſtity, with roſemary and bayſe. *Exit.*

Boult. Come miſtris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold ſo deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing firſt.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canſt thou wiſh thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wiſh him to be my Maſter, or rather my Miſtris.

Mar. Neither of theſe are ſo bad as thou art, ſince they do better thee in their command; thou holdſt a place, for which the painedſt fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cuſherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke fiſting of euery rogue, thy eare is liable, thy food is ſuch as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you, where a man may ſerue 7. yeares for the loſſe of a leg, and haue not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doſt, empty olde receptacles, or common-ſhores of filth; ſerue by Indenture to the common hangman, any of theſe waies are yet better then this: for what thou profeſſeſt, a Baboone could hee ſpeake, would owne a name too deare: Oh, that the Gods would ſafely deliuer me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy Maſter would gaine by me, proclaime that I can ſing, weaue, ſowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boaſt, and will vndertake all theſe to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeeld many ſchollers.

Boult. But can you teach all this you ſpeake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and proſtitute me to the baſeſt groome that doth frequent your houſe.

Boult. Well, I will ſee what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongſt honeſt women.

Boult.

Boult. Faith my acquaintai
ſince my maſter and miſtris ha
but by their conſent: therefo
with your purpoſe, and I doub
table enough. Come, Ile doe
waies.

Enter

Marina thus the Brothell ſcap
Into an honeſt houſe, our ſtory
She ſings like one immortall, a
As Goddeſſe-like to her admir
Deepe Clearks ſhe dumbs, and
Natures owne ſhape, of bud, b
That euen her art, ſiſters the na
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with
That puples lackes ſhe none of
Who poure their bounty on he
She giues the curſed Baud. Lea
And to her Father turne our th
Where we left him at ſea, tumb
And driuen before the winde,
Here where his daughter dwe
Suppoſe him now at Anchor:
God *Neptune* annuall feaſt to k
Lyſimachus our *Tyrian* ſhip eſp
His banners ſable, trimd with
And to him in his Barge with f
In your ſuppoſing, once more
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this h
Where what is done in action
Shall be diſcouered, pleaſe you

Enter Hellicanus, to hi

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord
O here he is ſir, there is a Barg
is *Lyſimachus* the Gouernor, wh
is your will?